THE SERAGLIO;

A

COMIC OPERA.

[Price One Shilling.]

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THE SERAGLIO;

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN

TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL



IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

~~Edward Thompson~~
Charles Dibdin

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ABDALLAH,	Mrs. MATTOCKS,
FREDERICK,	Mr. LEONI.
GOODWILL,	Mr. DUNSTALL,
REEF,	Mr. REINHOLD.
VENTURE,	Mr. QUICK.
HASSAN,	Mr. BAKER.
GUNNEL,	Mr. BATES.
WILLIAMS,	Mr. THOMPSON.

WOMEN.

ELMIRA,	Miſs WEWITZER.
LYDIA,	Miſs BROWN.
CURTIS,	Mrs. GREEN.
POLLY,	Miſs DAYES.

Fiſhermen, Sailors and Slaves.

THE SERAGLIO.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Proſpect by the Sea-ſide, a Cottage on one Side, at which are two Girls mending the Fiſhermen's Nets,* Curtis *inſpecting their Work, and* Polly, *who appears melancholy. The Fiſhermen in the Courſe of the Chorus bring one Draught of Fiſh on Shore, and as the Chorus finiſhes, they paſs over the Stage in their Boat, caſting their Net.*

CHORUS.

CURTIS and two GIRLS.

THE Sun's mounting high, we no longer can ſtay,
Then chearfully work away, Laſſes.

CURTIS.

Take Comfort, what tho' he be gone far away,
Girl, 'tis but a Folly
To be melancholy.

POLLY.

Alas! did you know in my Boſom what paſſes!

CURTIS.

I know well enough, Child, for I've had my Day.

FISHERMEN.

Yo, yea—Land the Yawl,
Pull away—By the Weight,
We have caught a good Freight:
Zounds, Boys, what a Hawl.

Two GIRLS and CURTIS.

Born humble and chearful, good Humour and Health
Are Treaſures to us beyond Power and Wealth.

POLLY.

With a Proſpect ſo charming—

CURTIS.

Hark, hark, hark, hark!
Only hear the Wood Lark,
How it makes the Air ring!
And the Black Birds, but liſten, how ſweetly they ſing!

CHORUS.

Come, the Tide ebbs apace,
Then each Man to his Place:
This favouring Breeze
While we can let us ſeize;
And while the Birds carol ſo ſweetly around,
And the Rocks and the Shore in loud Echo's reſound,

We'ell be grateful to Heav'n for the Good it has ſent,
And ſing with good Humour, and toil with Content.

Curt. Do you hear, you muſt bring in another Draught as faſt as you can; [*Calling to the Fiſhermen.*] and do you leave the Nets a little, and ſee that the Fiſh is ſorted as I directed you. [*To the Girls.*] Dear me, I've a great deal of Buſineſs to mind; but no Matter for that. And now, my Child, I want to talk to thee—Bleſs the Heart on thee, don't be diſmayed; my Goodman has promiſed to let thee know, the Moment he hears any Tidings of thy Father; he likes thee well—and for that Matter, ſo do I too; but no Matter for that.

Pol. I am pleaſed to hear you ſay ſo, and I aſſure you—

Cur. I know what you was going to ſay: but there's no Occaſion for your telling me, that you'll do every Thing you can to deſerve it. I ſay it again, I love thee; but 'tis no Matter for that.—And 'tis not every young Girl would come ſo far after her Father: no, not if he was twenty Times over ſold for a Slave.

Pol. Ah, me! If I could but find where he is, I ſhould then be eaſy: but if I never find him, I ſhall always—

Curt. I know what you was going to ſay; that you'd always remember our Civility.

Pol. I was, indeed.

Curt. Look ye there now, I ſaid ſo; we underſtand one another very well. And now tell me, what was that I cunningly drew from you, as we were walking laſt Night by the River's Side?—See how ſhe bluſhes—Don't be aſham'd, Child—the

more

more ready you was to part with your Lover, the more Duty you ſhewed for your Father.

Pol. Why ſurely, I did not tell you any Thing that—

Curt. I know what you was going to ſay; that you did not, as one may ſay, tell me directly, who he is. Why, Child, I confeſs that; but I was once fifteen myſelf, and I remember very well, I was juſt ſuch a ſweet, little, tender, delicate Morſel, as you are now—I warrant, thou haſt made a prudent Choice.

Pol. My Father thought ſo; for he conſented that we ſhould be married, upon my Lover's return from Sea.

Curt. Is he a Sailor? I ſaid you had made a prudent Choice, my Huſband has been a Sailor, and Heaven knows, we ſhould now have been comfortably ſettled in *England*, with the little we had got by the Sea, if upon our Voyage, we had not been taken by thoſe wicked *Algerines*. We were made Slaves to the Great Baſhaw, *Abdallah*, and my Huſband worked in the Gardens, while I attended the Ladies of the Seraglio. But we were ſo kindly uſed, that at laſt we plucked up Heart of Grace, and told the Baſhaw all our Misfortunes. What do you think he did? He gave us our Liberty, ſet us up in this Buſineſs, and ever ſince we have ſerved the whole Seraglio with Fiſh.—But if I ſtand idling here, I ſhall be ſcolded by my old Man—Ah! you ſmile at that—And well you may—He ſcold me!—Poor Soul—

Pol. Indeed, you ſeem very happy.

Curt. Why, as he often ſays, People are never unhappy, but it is in ſome Meaſure their own Faults—Let me ſee—'Tis forty Summers ſince we firſt came together, and in all that Time, we have

have ſeen nothing but ſmiling Days. 'Tis true, when we firſt ſettled, the Indians came down upon us, and plundered us of all we had, and from the Fright, and one Thing or other, I had like to have died of a Fever; and once when he was at Sea, he was very near being ſwallowed up by a Shark; we were afterwards ſhip-wrecked, then ſold for Slaves, after that we were confined in a cloſe Dungeon, and every Body ſaid, we ſhould certainly be ſtrangled. But no Matter for that; we had no bad Actions to tax ourſelves with, and we were determined not to be frightened at any Thing.

[*Exit into the Cottage.*

Enter Goodwill *to* Polly.

Good. Ha! My little Charge, I have charming News for you.

Pol. Oh dear; have you heard any Thing of my Father?

Good. Yes, I have ſeen him myſelf.

Pol. I wiſh I had ſeen him too—Pray where is he?

Good. Oh, he's a very fortunate Man; what would many a one give for ſuch a Situation—I would rather be as he is, than Overſeer to a Cadi.

Pol. Is not he a Slave then.

Good. O yes, he's a Slave.

Pol. Dear, dear.

Good. But to ſuch a Maſter—Why, do you know that he has the Honour to work in the Garden of the Seraglio of *Abdallah*, the Great Baſhaw.

Pol. Dame *Curtis* has been telling me what a good Man the Baſhaw is. But yet I wiſh my Father was not a Slave to any body.

Good.

Good. Oh! that Baſhaw will never give over doing good Things. What do you think I heard juſt now?

Pol. Nay, I don't know.

Good. Why *Hali Haſſan* told me, that an *Engliſh* Lady was made a Slave yeſterday, and the firſt Thing he did, upon her coming to the Seraglio, was to let her chooſe her own Apartments; nay, 'tis actually ſaid, if ſhe behaves well, ſhe'll be ſuffered to have her own Servants to wait upon her.

Pol. But what of my Father?

Good. I could not ſtay with him long, for I was ordered into the Baſhaw's Preſence: but I did not forget to tell him, that I had great Intereſt, and bid him hope for better Days.

Pol. Bleſs you for it.

Good. Yes: but when I told him ſo, he ſmiled, and ſaid, he believed his good Days were over. However, I am going again by and by with ſome Fiſh, and then we ſhall ſee what's to be done.

Pol. If you are going again, will you take a Letter for me?—Oh dear, I am ſo happy!

Good. Why you ſeem pleas'd.

Pol. I am, indeed, pleas'd.

Good. With the Thoughts of writing to your Father, I ſuppoſe. Thou art a good Girl.

Pol. No; 'tis to the Baſhaw I ſhall write.

Good. To the Baſhaw! Why, Child, do you know how to addreſs ſuch a great Man as him?

Pol. I know but little; yet I think, if I was to write, I ſhould prevail on him to give my Father Liberty.

Good. Then I'm ſure I'll not be your Hindrance. But take Care what you are about. His Title begins, Moſt high and moſt illuſtrious; and in the Letter

Letter you muſt tell him, two or three Times, that he's a Serpent in Wiſdom, and a Phœnix in Goodneſs.

Pol. Alas! I am a Stranger to theſe Things.

AIR.

I have not the Grace, and I know not the Art,
In fine Words my poor Mind to array;
But expreſs ev'ry Thought as it flows from my Heart,
And as Nature ſhall point out the Way.

Yet, yet will I write, and am ſure to prevail,
While to ſave my poor Father I try;
In the Language of Nature I'll dreſs a plain Tale,
And Duty the reſt ſhall ſupply.

Good. Well, well; go and get your Letter ready. I muſt ſee after the Men.

Fiſhermen. [*At a Diſtance.*] Yo, yea.

Good. Ahoy, Lads, I'll among you.

[*Exeunt* Goodwill *and* Polly.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Frederick, Venture, Reef, Gunnell *and other Sailors.* *Afterwards* Polly.

Fred. [*Coming on.*] My brave Fellows, you have bound me to you for ever: but follow my Fortunes no longer. No; my Purſuit is at an End: my Lydia's in Slavery, and I cannot expect that you ſhould ſtay to witneſs the mad Exceſſes of a doating Lover, who is determined to reſcue her, or fall in the Attempt.

Reef.

Reef. And ſo, Maſter Frederick, you think, that like a Parcel of Pirates, we are to take Poſſeſſion of the Ship, and leave you aſhore in an Enemy's Country. As I take it, that's the Bearing of the Thing.

Fred. Come, come, I know your Kindneſs; but *Venture* here will be all the Aſſiſtance I ſhall want.

Vent. And little enough too, I believe.—But, Sir, if you'll give me leave—if you ſhould redeem this Lady from Captivity, unleſs they ſtay, how will you get a Veſſel to tranſport us from hence?

Fred. Oh! I know enough of Turky to manage that; however, ſtand off to the other Shore for two Days, and, if in the Courſe of that Time, I have any Succeſs, you ſhall hear from me; if not, I beg you will make what Expedition you can to our Friends in *England.* Farewel then, my Lads, and may we meet in more proſperous Times.

[Reef *and the Sailors retire to a Corner of the Stage.*

AIR.

Here each Morn, and ev'ry Eve,
In dewy Ray returning;
Shall ſhare the Sorrows that I breathe,
Shall witneſs to my Mourning:
Echo, catch the plaintive Lay,
To her Heart diſcover,
How, for her, forlorn I ſtray,
How well, how true I love her.

If forbidden to renew
The Vows which once we plighted;
My Lydia's Fate I will purſue,
In Death, at leaſt, united:

The

The lateſt Breath that warms this Clay,
At parting, ſhall diſcover;
How I ſigh my Soul away,
How well, how true I love her.

[*Exeunt* Frederick *and* Venture.

Reef. [*After a Pauſe.*] Hark'ee, *Jack Gunnel.*

Gun. What doſt ſay, my Hearty?

Reef. An't my Name *Tom Reef?*

Gun. Why you may as well aſk me, which is the Hatchway?

Reef. Well, and an't I Maſter and Commander of the *Lovely Betty?*

Gun. To be ſure you are.

Reef. And an't I beholden for every Bit of ſpun Yarn about her, to this young Man and his noble Father?

Gun. Ay, ay, you tell us often enough of that; you are too good a Seaman to forget who gave you your Preferment.

Reef. And now tell me; Have I ever, in all my Command, kept a wrong Reckoning, tack'd about when I ſhould have bore away, or done any Thing that could make you take a Notion aboard your Head, that I did not know every Rope in the Ship, and how to ſteer her in all Weathers?

Gun. Never, Maſter.

Reef. Why, *Gunnel*, you lie; for 'tis impoſſible, if I had not ſome how or other behaved in an unſeaman-like Way, that my Maſter *Frederick* could have ſet me a-drift in ſuch a Manner as he has.

Gun. Why I thought to myſelf; thinks I, the young Youth does not know his Soundings.

Reef. Know his Soundings! Why he'll run bump a-ſhore for want of a Pilot: but I'll watch him cloſely; for though he won't take me in tow, as I ſaid before, I am obliged to him and his Fa-

ther for all the Cargo I have, and, if there's a Call for it, he ſhall find, that for all this, I'll ſtand by him as long as my Timbers will ſtick together. Will you let me pilot you?

All. Ay, ay.

Reef. Then all Hands a-board. I'll only juſt take an Obſervation of our Bearings, and be after you in leſs Time than you can count three Ratlings in the Mizen Shrouds.—Away—

[*The Sailors go off.*

Pol. [*Coming on.*] I have got my Letter ready; now to have it ſent.

Reef. I have been over-hauling the Logbook of my Remembrance, and can't find how I have deſerved this Uſage.—Eh!—Is not that Polly?

Pol. How's this?—Surely I dream—Dear *Tom*,

Reef. Why, my ſweet Girl, how happens it that I ſhould come along Side of you?

Polly. Indeed you may well aſk. I have a long Story to tell you, of how I came here; but 'tis enough at preſent to ſay, that I followed my Father, who is a Slave to the Baſhaw of this Place, and I have written a Letter to him, to beg he'll accept of me in his Stead, 'Till my Father is releaſed, I can think of nothing elſe.

Reef. Why, then, give me thy Letter, and if I don't get him out of the Bilboes, ſay I have bore up to you under falſe Colours, that's all.

Pol. And will you think of me when we are parted?

Reef. Think of thee! When a Heart like mine is moor'd to the Affection of ſuch a ſweet Girl as thee art, you may as well pretend to heave up the Peak of *Teneriffe*, as break it from its Moorings.

Pol. Heigh ho!

Reef. Don't be down-hearted; if we muſt part, we

we muſt; but it ſhall go hard if we don't ſoon bring to in a better Latitude.

AIR.

I.

Blow high, blow low, let Tempeſt tear
The Main-maſt by the Board,
My Heart with Thoughts of thee, my dear,
And Love well ſtor'd,
Shall brave all Danger, ſcorn all Fear,
The roaring Wind, the raging Sea,
In hopes on Shore, to be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

II.

Aloft, while Mountains high we go,
The whiſtling Winds that ſcud along,
And the Surge roaring from below,
Shall my Signal be
To think of thee,
And this ſhall be my Song:
Blow high, &c.

III.

And on that Night, when all the Crew,
The Mem'ry of their former Lives,
Our flowing Cans of Flip renew,
And drink their Sweethearts and their Wives;
I'll heave a Sigh, and think of thee,
And as the Ship rowls thro' the Sea
The Burthen of my Song ſhall be,
Blow high, &c.

[*Exeunt* Reef *and* Polly.

SCENE, *The Garden of the Seraglio.*

Abdallah *is ſeated under a Pavillion*, Haſſan, *and other Slaves of both Sexes, attending.*

CHORUS.

Hail to Sadi *Abdallah Chiquaw*,
Of every Village, Port, and Town,
City and Province of Renown
In fifty Leagues, the Grand Baſhaw.

Whoſe Steps a Thouſand Slaves attend,
Whoſe Power with Wonder we behold;
Whoſe mighty Treaſure's without End,
Whoſe Palace ſhines with maſſy Gold.

His Sword is like the Morning Ray,
His Helmet a Beam of the Sky;
Where he comes, he caſts round him perpetual Day,
And his proſtrate Slaves lift their Voices and cry,
Hail, &c.

Abd. Haſſan, haſt thou given Orders that *Lydia*, the *European* Woman, may chooſe her own Attendants.

Haſ. I have, my Lord.

Abd. And now tell me, *Haſſan*, didſt thou ever ſee ſo much Elegance and beautiful Simplicity.

Haſ. Alas! Poor *Elmira!*—

Abd. I ordered thee to inform *Elmira*, that ſhe might have her Liberty.

Haſ. You did, my Lord, and that ſhe ſhould return to her Friends, loaded with Benefactions.

Abd. Were my Orders obey'd?

Haſ.

Haſ. She goes, my Lord, to-morrow.

Abd. Perhaps I may bid her farewel—and now enough of this, for here comes *Lydia*.

Enter Lydia.

Well, my ſweet Innocent, are my Slaves anxious to pleaſe you? Do they obey your Commands?—If the moſt tender Aſſiduity, the moſt unremitting Affection, the moſt ardent Love—

Lyd. Oh, but they tell me, you never marry Folks, and that won't do for me, for I promiſed long ago to love nobody but my Huſband, and I intends to keep my Word.

Abd. All this is Prejudice of your Country—Love ſhou'd be free, unlimited, unreſtrained. Behold the Birds how they live; Pleaſure without Conſtraint.

Lyd. Oh! very well, upon my Word—but I'll tell you one Thing: when I love, I never intend to be tired, in the firſt Place; then as to Slavery of Marriage, I am a Slave already: and for all them fine Things you ſay about the Birds, I have obſerved it a hundred Times myſelf, that Doves were a great deal happier than Sparrows.

A I R.

The little Birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with anxious Care,
How free their Pleaſures they purſue
How void of every Care.
But Birds of various Kinds you'll meet,
Some conſtant to their Loves:
Are chattering Sparrows half ſo ſweet
As tender cooing Doves?

Birds have their Pride like human Kind,
Some on their Note preſume,
Some on their Form, and ſome you'll find
Proud of a gaudy Plume:
Some love a hundred, ſome you'll meet
Still conſtant to their Loves;
Are chattering Sparrows half ſo ſweet
As tender cooing Doves?

Abd. Well, my pretty innocent Reaſoner, take your own Time to conſider of my Offer; you are Queen of theſe Poſſeſſions, together with *Abdallah*'s Heart. [*Exit* Abdallah, *&c.*

Scene ſhuts, leaving Lydia.

Enter Elmira.

Lyd. My dear *Elmira*, I wiſh I could ſee you more chearful.

Elm. Well, *Lydia*, what News of the Baſhaw?

Lyd. Oh! he's ten Times more in Love with me than ever.

Elm. And pray do you mean to encourage him?

Lyd. Certainly.

Elm. To what End?

Lyd. In hopes that when I've made him feel a little the Torment of diſappointed Love—

Elm. He'll reform, I ſuppoſe, and do me Juſtice. —Ah! my dear *Lydia*, there's a Delicacy accompanies a ſincere Affection, which an Inconſtant can never have an Idea of.

Lyd. Well, I am not ſo uncharitable; I have a great Deal of Compaſſion for this Man. Beſides, how noble was his Reſolution to marry you.

Elm. And yet he broke it.

Lyd. Poor *Elmira*! But my Situation is full as deſperate as yours. The Ruffians who brought me here,

here, took me by Violence from my Lover. He ſwore to me, that I ſhould not be long in ſo defenceleſs a Condition; 'twas this Promiſe that made me think my Life worth preſerving, and, in ſpite of my Sorrows, to aſſume this Character of Gaiety and Levity. And I am rewarded, for I have this Day ſeen him.

Elm. Seen him!

Lyd. Yes, my dear, and if you have no objection, I intend to ſee him again preſently.

Elm. By what means?

Lyd. By means of a Key that opens a private Door into the Garden.

Elm. You frighten me to Death! the Conſequence will be dreadful.

Lyd. I ſay dreadful, indeed, when the whole Seraglio are my Slaves, Baſhaw and all.

A I R.

If it was not that ſuch a meek Creature as you
They'd imagine to have a Concern in't;
Before I'd be pent, like a Bird in a Mew,
I'd ſet it on Fire, and burn in't.

Why, Child, what d'ye talk, over ev'ry Thing here,
I abſolute hold a Dominion,
And I'll lay you my Life, let to-morrow appear,
That you'll own yourſelf of my Opinion.

I command at my Will, ev'ry Slave, ev'ry Mute,
His Retinue and all his Regalia,
And I'll come and I'll go,
Say, Yes, or ſay, No,
Juſt as Fancy, or Whim, or Caprice it ſhall ſuit;
Or I'll take ev'ry Key,
Set all the Slaves free,
And turn out of Doors the Seraglio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *another View of the Garden; on one Side a Range of Apartments, with a Balcony to each.*

Enter Venture.

A Plague confound my Curioſity—Ah! I am quite loſt; why could not I remain where I was? How could I expect to find any Place by myſelf, among theſe damn'd Serpentine Walks? Where was it my Maſter and Miſs *Lydia* ſet me to watch? —I dare not holloa; and the further I go, the more I ſeem out of my Way—The Day is quite clos'd in too, and in three Minutes it will be as dark as Pitch—Ah! 'tis all over with me; I don't ſuppoſe I ſhall keep my Head upon my Shoulders above a Quarter of an Hour longer—Poor *Venture*, what will become of thee?

A I R.

What ſhall I do? Oh, la! Oh, la!
I am all over quite one Thaw;
I only ſaw an aged Yew,
Thro' which the Wind but whiſtling blew,
And thinking it a horrid Turk,
Who ſwore, he to the Wall would pin me;
For fear leſt he ſhould fall to Work,
I run as is the Dev'l was in me.

I am a very drowning Rat.
I dread each Breath of Air I hear.
I dare not look—Oh, Lord! What's that?—
I believe 'twas nothing but my Fear.
What Wretch would now be in my Coat?
This Frolic dearly we ſhall rue:
I feel the Bow-ſtring at my Throat,
What ſhall I do?—What ſhall I do?

[*Exit* Venture.

Enter

Enter Reef.

Reef. Now theſe ſame Infidels are ſafe under Hatches, I may venture to cruiſe a little more. I hope it will pleaſe *Polly*, that I have ſent home her Father, and have in his Stead entered myſelf among the Baſhaw's Complement of Hands.—I don't deſpair neither of an Opportunity of effecting young Madam *Lydia*'s Eſcape; one Six-pounder will knock down that ginger-bread Work there, that leads to the River, and then there will be a free Paſſage for us to enter ten a-breaſt, if we like it—Have at you then, Seigniors—I fancy they'll ſoon ſtrike. [*Goes off.*

Enter Lydia *and* Elmira, *at the Balcony, afterwards* Reef *re-enters; then* Venture, Haſſan, *and Slaves; then* Frederick, *and after him ſeveral female Slaves appear at the Balcony.*

Elm. I hope they got out ſafe.

Lyd. Never fear—What a delightful Evening it is!—The Slaves are pretty near at reſt by this Time—I ſhall be impatient till I ſee *Frederick* again. See how ſweet the Moon riſes!

DUETTO, QUINTETTO AND CHORUS.

Lydia and *Elmira.* How beautiful, and how ſerene,
Shines yonder Night's reſplendent Queen!
Kindly to comfort thoſe who roam,
And light the Trav'ller to his Home.
Oh, thou, whoſe Beams ſo ſweetly play,
Beſtow one kind, one chearing Ray;

One ſympathetic Gleam impart,
To heal the Anguiſh in my Heart.

Reef. Theſe Swabs turn'd in, and faſt aſleep,
Poor *Tom*, his midnight Watch to keep,
Now roams alone, by Love inclin'd
To think of her he left behind.

Venture, [Behind.] Murder, murder! Oh, dear, dear!

Lydia. Hark, *Elmira*, did you not hear
A dreadful Cry of Murder?

Elm. ——————Yes.

Reef. What means that Signal of Diſtreſs?
A Sail. [Venture *croſſes the Stage.*

Lyd. Elm. ———I fear the worſt.

Haſ. ——————Come on,
[*Here two Turks croſs the Stage.*

Reef. Two, three.

Haſ. ———He cannot far be gone,
Follow.

Lyd. Elm. ——————Alas!

Haſ. ——————This is the Place.
I trac'd him by the Light o'th' Moon,

Reef. A hoy, why here's a Fleet in chace,
Of one poor Picaroon,

Elm. Oh, Heavens!

Lyd. ——————My Spirits fail,
I droop.

Reef. ———They're crowding all their Sail.
They bear up faſter than he likes.
They've boarded him—Ah, now he ſtrikes!

Lyd. Elm. Oh, Heaven!

Reef. ———And ſee this Way they ſteer.
Well, Meſſmates, what's the Matter here?

Haſ. Drag him along.

Vent.

Vent. ——————Oh, woeful Plight!
Haſ. By Heaven, he ſhall not ſee the Light.
A ſabre, here!
1ſt Slave. [*Behind.*]—*Haſſan*, run, run!
Fred. [*Behind.*] I will not yield.
Lyd. ——————Ah! we're undone.
'Tis *Frederick*'s Voice.
Haſ. ——————He's bound at laſt.
Strangle them both.
Reef. ——————Meſs-mates, avaunt!
Lyd. In pity ſpare him.
Fred. ——————*Lydia*, oh!
Good Heaven, what complicated woe!
Haſ. No Words.
Reef. ——You're all aback, I ſay,
The Prizes a'n't condemn'd to-day.
Clap them in Irons then, and wait
For further Orders.
Haſ. Right, their Fate
Till then we will ſuſpend.

CHORUS.

Come on,
And ere the Veil of Night be drawn,
The great Baſhaw's ſupreme Decree,
Shall give them Death or Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Garden of the Seraglio.*

Enter Lydia *and* Elmira.

Elmira.

YOU are unacquainted with his Temper; he is generous, but provoked, he is implacable. Oh, *Lydia*, you don't know in what Miſery you have involved us all! He will now complain of Inſult upon Inſult, and with Reaſon. In a few Days had you requeſted it, he would have given you your Liberty.

Lyd. So he ſaid, indeed, but you know he has a Knack of changing his Mind; I was therefore willing to make ſure of it, without his Leave.

Elm. And you have fail'd in the attempt—He will now have every Thing to upbraid you with; and you may depend upon it, there is no Reſolution in the Moment of his Reſentment, he will not be capable of putting in Execution: and as for me—

Lyd. Hear me, *Elmira*—I have my Pride—I have my Reſentment—Who is this *Abdallah*, that becauſe he is powerful, ſhall dare to trample on the Laws of Honour and Humanity? Rely upon it; Truth and Reaſon will at laſt wake him, or I am a bad Phyſiognomiſt.

A I R. ELMIRA.

Ah! what avails the brighteſt Worth
That in *Abdallah*'s Boſom flows;
Tho' Truth and Reaſon there have Birth,
Tho' there each radiant Virtue glows!
Muſt I, at Diſtance plac'd, ſurvey
The Beam that other Hearts inſpires,
While, with unkind, averted Ray,
From me its chearing Warmth retires.

[*Exit.*

Enter Abdallah, *followed by* Haſſan.

Haſ. Health to the Baſhaw!

Abd. How now?

Haſ. May it pleaſe you, illuſtrious *Abdallah*, we have taken two Men who were lurking laſt Night about the Garden, with a View, as we ſuſpect, of ſpeaking to *Elmira* or *Lydia*; but how they got in, or what Miſchief they intended to do, we cannot diſcover.

Lyd. I let them in.

Abd. You!

Lyd. I.

Abd. Diſtraction! And for what Purpoſe, Madam? See that you clear yourſelf of any Intention to diſhonour me, or the Conſequence ſhall be dreadful to you. Who are they?

Lyd. My Lover and a Domeſtic. They came here by my Appointment; and if they had not been diſcovered, we ſhould before this have made our Eſcape from you. Now, Sir, what heavy Vengeance is to fall upon us for it.

Abd. Confuſion!

Lyd.

Lyd. What Right had we to conſider you, but in the Light of an Enemy? Were we not treacherouſly brought here, from the Arms of our afflicted Friends? There is ſome Generoſity about you, I acknowledge. You boaſt of your Juſtice, let us ſee you exerciſe it now, you have a fit Opportunity; if you dare behave as you ought, we may know how to thank you: but if it is your Pleaſure to give us a Proof of your Power, you'll meet with thoſe who have Fortitude enough to deſpiſe its utmoſt Malice.

AIR.

I.

I ſimply wait for your Commands, Sir,
Is it Peace, or is it War?
Shall we quarrel, or ſhake Hands, Sir?
Which, good Seignior, are you for?

II.

You've nought to do, but ſpeak your Mind, Sir,
Only give me then my Cue;
If for ſcolding you're inclin'd, Sir,
I can ſcold as well as you.

III.

But did you give a ſingle Hint, Sir,
That Peace and Quiet you preferr'd,
There'd be no Obligation in't, Sir,
I wou'd not ſpeak another Word.

[*Exit* Lydia.

Abd. That Power you ſo much deſpiſe, you may, perhaps, tremble at.—Bring thoſe Men before me.

[Haſſan *goes off.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Haſſan, *with* Frederick, Venture *and Slaves.*

Abd. Endeavour to eſcape from me! Abuſe my Confidence! Have the Hardineſs to own it to my Face, while I ſtand confounded, and even incapable of making a Reply.——Tell me, devoted Wretches, why have you thus incurred the heavieſt Vengeance in *Abdallah*'s Power, preſumptuouſly daring to penetrate within theſe Walls?

Vent. Why you know, Sir, 'twas the old Fiſhermen that brought us the Key; we had better, therefore, confeſs, and ſo have him ſtrangled, to ſave our Lives.

Abd. Which of my Slaves were prevailed upon to give you Admittance here?

Vent. Magnificent and moſt mighty *Abdallah*, if I tell you the whole Truth, will you ſpare my Life?

Abd. Thou ſhalt find me merciful.

Vent. Then I will ſpeak, I am determined.—There is an old Fiſherman, one *Goodwill*; I don't ſuppoſe your magnanimous Honour can be acquainted with ſuch a Fellow as he—but let that be as it will—he ſometimes comes here with Fiſh, and he brought my Maſter a Key, which he ſaid would open a private Door into the Garden; ſo you ſee 'twas all his Doings, and if I might ſpeak—though to be ſure, 'tis highly preſumptuous in me to adviſe ſuch a moſt illuſtrious, and prodigious great Man as you are—you had better hang him, and ſend us about our Buſineſs.

Haſ. My Lord, there is a Circuuſtance that confirms this Account, the Slave you received by the Perſuaſion of this *Goodwill*, in exchange for one *Williams*, has this Morning made his Eſcape.

Abd.

Abd. 'Tis plain there is a Plot againſt me. Seize this Fiſherman inſtantly, and every one you find in his Houſe.

Fred. How could you be guilty of ſo much baſeneſs, as to betray the poor old Man and his Family?

Vent. Lord, Sir, you don't conſider what a terrible Thing it is to be ſtrangled.

Fred. This Wretch raves out any abſurdity to ſave his Life.

Vent. Indeed, moſt prodigious minded *Abdallah*, 'tis all true.

Abd. I will know the whole Truth, or make examples of you all—*Haſſan*, obey my Orders, ſeize thoſe People directly, and for you, whatever Puniſhment you deſerve, ſhall, without remiſſion, be inflicted on you. [*Exit* Abdallah.

Haſ. Come let us beſtow you in ſafety.

Fred. Lead me where you will, and let your rapacious Lord exerciſe his Pleaſure.

AIR.

The pious Pilgrim, who from far
  Has journey'd weak and faint,
The hallow'd Fabrick to revere,
  That holds ſome fav'rite Saint;
Not deeper plunges in Deſpair,
  If all his Toil is vain,
Than does the hopeleſs Suff'rer here,
  Nor feels ſeverer Pain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Fiſherman's Cottage.*

Enter Goodwill, Williams, Curtis *and* Polly.

Good. I tell you, Dame, that it will be the making of us all. I communicated the Deſign to

Reef

Reef laſt Night, and I dare ſay they muſt have got off by this Time; that the Ship will fall down here by Twilight, and then we ſhall all embark for *England* together.

Curt. Why I ſhould be glad to lay my poor old Bones at Peace in my own Country, that's to be ſure.

Good. And ſo thou ſhalt; and we'll ſit round our Fire-Side, and tell our Neighbours, what Adventures we have had among the Turks.

Curt. But yet now you can't be angry with me for being afraid, for how many Times have you ſaid yourſelf, ſays you, Always beware of a Lawyer with your Eſtate in his Hands, and a Turk with his Scymetar at your Throat.

Good. Why to be ſure, though they are very generous when you truſt them, they are very Devils if you deceive them.

Wil. I hope, therefore, this Plot was well deviſed.

Good. Why don't I tell you, I managed it myſelf—Well deviſed; ay, ay, but I'll go and put off a little in the Boat, as if I was fiſhing, and ſo take Notice what they are about aboard the Ship; ſhe was removed from the oppoſite Shore, and I dare ſay, if I can but get far enough up the River without being obſerved, I ſhall be able to watch all their Motions. If I can perceive what they are doing, I'll return and let you know.

Wil. Do; but pray be cautious.

Good. Never fear. [*Exit* Goodwill.

Curt. And I'll go, and get together what few Things we have, that we may not be hurried when we ſet out.

Wil. And, *Polly*, my dear Daughter, do you help

Dame *Curtis*, that ſhe may not be too much fatigued.

Curt. Fatigued! Lord help you, I am able enough to do work.

Wil. Indeed you ſeem healthy enough.

[*Exit* Curtis.

Pol. Now then, my dear Father, I am truly happy upon the point of leaving this diſagreeable Place with you, who are redeemed from Slavery, and with *Reef*, who now I do not bluſh to own, I have an Affection for.

Re-enter Goodwill.

Good. Well, I was juſt putting off to them, but *Reef* obſerved what I was about, and waved me to ſtay where I was. Every Thing is juſt as we could wiſh—the Ship is under Sail.—Adieu, Seigniors—Egad, it makes my old Heart rejoice, to think, that I ſhall once again get a Sight of old *England*.

Re-enter Curtis.

Curt. Odds me! We are all undone! There's *Muli Alouf Hali Haſſan*, and twenty more Slaves, coming to take us all before his honour the Baſhaw.

Good. How do you know?

Curt. I ſpoke to them out of the Window, and they told me, if I did not open the Door, they would force it open.

Good. I'll try if I can't prevail with my Friend *Hali Haſſan*, to let us give them the Slip; in the mean while, do you hide yourſelf in ſome Cloſet, while I go and try. [*Exeunt all but* Polly.

Pol. Poor *Reef*, what will become of thee!

AIR.

A I R.

My true Love the cruel Sea,
From me did ſever,
Then my poor Heart was rent in twain,
For much I fear'd, ah! woe to me,
That he would never
To my Arms return again.
What muſt I feel then at this Hour,
If I love, if I eſteem him,
To ſee him bound, and have no power,
But Sighs and Wiſhes to redeem him?

[*Exit.*

Enter Reef, Gunnell, *and Sailors.*

Reef. Now, my Lads, I'll undertake to bring the Prize into Port, in a few Glaſſes: mayhap we may meet with a ſmart Reſiſtance; what then, muſt take Things as they are—Life's a Voyage, where we muſt expect all Weathers, ſometimes rough, ſometimes calm; and as for Deſpair, why it ſignifies nothing, Reſolution and Skill are better than a ſtout Veſſel; for why? Becauſe they require no Carpenters, and get ſtronger, the more Labour they undergo.

Gun. I believe you know pretty well, we ſhan't flinch, we'll trim their Whiſkers for them, if they come to cloſe Quarters with us.

Reef. That's hearty—You all know your Stations.

All. Ay, ay.

Reef. Down Bulk-heads, and then up Cheſts and Hammocks.

AIR.

The Signal to engage ſhall be
A Whiſtle and a Hollow;
Be one and all but firm like me.
And Conqueſt ſoon will follow.
You, *Gunnel*, keep the Helm in hand,
Thus, thus, Boys, ſteady, ſteady;
Till right a Head we ſee the Land,
Then ſoon as we are ready,
The Signal, &c.

Keep, Boys, a good look out, d'ye hear?
'Tis for old *England*'s Honour,
Juſt as you've brought your lower Tier
Broadſide to bear upon her,
All Hands then, Boys, the Ship to clear,
Load all your Guns and Mortars,
Silent as Death th' Attack prepare,
And when you're all at Quarters,
The Signal, &c. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE, *the Garden of the Seraglio.*

Enter Abdallah, Lydia, Haſſan, Frederick, *and Slaves.*

Abd. Haſſan, where are your Priſoners?

Haſ. They attend without, my Lord.

Abd. Bring them here—Hear me, Chriſtians; when you were brought Slaves to my Seraglio, hearing you repined at your Situation, I remitted its Severity, undertook myſelf to provide you thoſe Amuſements, which I thought were the moſt likely to alleviate your uneaſineſs; entreated you to think me

me your Friend—nay, upon Terms which I thought you could not in Honour refuſe, I offered you Liberty; in return, you have abuſed my Confidence by a moſt unwarrantable Outrage.—*Hali Haſſan*, conduct theſe Chriſtians to the Banks of the *Tigris*, and there diſpoſe of them as this Paper ſhall inſtruct you.

[*As they are going off, a Whiſtle and a Hollow is heard, when* Reef, Gunnel, *and other Sailors come on the Stage.*

Reef. Avaſt, my Boys; Maſter *Frederick*, I thought it would come to this Come, Seigniors, we'll ſee whether your Scymetars or our Cutlaſſes can do the moſt Execution—There's one for you.

Fred. Thank you, *Reef*, and now let them attack us as ſoon as they dare.

Abd. Hold!—Though I could with eaſe repel this Outrage, it would give me more Pleaſure to find that you can excuſe it—What's the Cauſe of it?

Reef. Why what ſignifies two Ships hailing one another, when they are yard-arm and yard-arm for an Engagement. I ſaw this young Gentleman ſteering right before the Wind into an Enemy's Harbour, ſo I and all my Crew are determined to ſave his Life, or loſe ours. Fall on!

Abd. Hold! [*To* Haſſan.] Deliver that Paper. Read it. [*To* Reef.

Reef. [*Reading.*] "*Haſſan*, as thou regard'ſt thy "Life, load theſe Chriſtians with Riches, and give "them ſafe and honourable Conduct to their own "Country."—

Fred. Do I awake?

[Reef *ſigns to the Sailors to retire.*

Abd. Well, you may be aſtoniſhed—I had determined to cut you off, but my Love for *Lydia* would not ſuffer me to liſten to ſuch an Objection. This Motive

Motive more and more prevailed, till at laſt, I reſolved to ſend you back to thoſe Friends who lament your Abſence, and with Honour, becauſe I had wrong'd you.

Lyd. Generous *Abdallah!* [*Runs to* Fred.

Reef. Why it has turn'd out a ſtark Calm, juſt as we expected to go to the Bottom.

Enter Goodwill, Williams, Polly *and* Curtis.

Abd. [*To* Reef.] You, Sir, embraced Slavery to redeem the Father of her you love—as a Reward, take her and your Liberty.

Pol. And are you mine then at laſt?

Wil. May I believe my Senſes?

Good. Did not I tell you, that his illuſtrious Honour was all Generoſity? Why don't you thank him, *Reef?*

Reef. I will, Maſter, when I have ſwabbed the Spray from my Bow a little.

Abd. You have had your Trial, now comes mine —*Lydia*, be free; my firſt endeavour ſhall be to make you happy. I ought not to repine, for you were born to teach me the Duties of Humanity.

Lyd. You are a noble Creature, I will ſay that for you—Return to *Elmira*, diſmiſs this uſeleſs Train of Favourites, reward her Virtues, and enjoy perfect Happineſs.

Abd. You have inſtructed me well—This Building ſhall be no longer my Seraglio, but *Elmira's* Palace.

Haſ. My Lord—

Abd. I know that thou would'ſt tell me that I am violating our Cuſtoms—But was I the greateſt Sultan, and had carried the Glory of the Creſcent to the Ends of the Earth, I ſhould be unworthy my Dig-

Dignity, if I could give Countenance to any Laws that would ſully my Honour.

FINALE.

Abd. Away with rough tyrannic Rules,
From Reaſon's Precepts that depart;
Be mine the Pow'r that not controuls,
But mildly wins the pliant Heart!
When gen'rous Dictates lead the Mind,
Then, then alone of Bliſs poſſeſt,
In others Joys our own we find,
In bleſſing others truly bleſt.

Fred. Beneath ſuch kind protecting Care,
Rich Commerce ſpreads his golden Wings,
And Science doth her Banner rear,
And rugged Labour toils and ſings.
Lyd. The virtuous Maid, and conſtant Youth,
Their mutual Wiſhes free obtain;
And Love, and Innocence, and Truth,
In undiſturb'd Enjoyment reign.

Reef. The ready Sailor quits the Shore,
His Sov'reign's Honour to maintain;
And when the dang'rous Toil is o'er,
Partakes the Bleſſings of the Plain:
Polly. Where Mirth amid the rural Throngs,
The Triumphs of his Pow'r imparts;
And Carols from a thouſand Tongues,
Speak lively Thoughts and grateful Hearts.

CHORUS.

When gen'rous Dictates, &c.

FINIS.

Dignity, if I could give Countenance to any Laws that would fully my Honour.

FINALE.

Ald. Away with rough tyrannic Rules,
From Reason's Precepts that depart;
Be mine the Pow'r that not controuls,
But mildly wins the pliant Heart!
When gen'rous Dictates lead the Mind,
Then, then alone of Bliss possest,
In others Joys our own we find,
In blessing others truly blest.

Tyd. Beneath such kind protecting Cares,
Rich Commerce spreads his golden Wings,
And Science doth her Banner rear,
And rugged Labour toils and sings,
Ald. The virtuous [illegible] enchanting Youth,
The[illegible] obtain;
[illegible] Truth,
In [illegible] reign.

Prof. The ready Sailor quits the Shore,
His Sov'reign's Honour to maintain;
And when the dang'rous Toil is o'er,
Partakes the Blessings of the Plain:
Poly. Where Mirth amid the rural Throngs,
The Triumphs of his Pow'r inspire;
And Carols from a thrilling Tongues,
Speak lively Thoughts and grateful

CHORUS.

When gen'rous Dictates, &c.

FINIS.